



Banquet  
Pinecone

Q



## A Moments Pause

The woods will be quiet when you leave; and, soon  
bright the foliage and tangy the air with the smell  
of early Autumn.

The first rain will wash your myriad footsteps from the  
beach; and then a cautious deer or hare will return once  
more to the silent shore to drink.

A few crisp brown leaves will settle in the deserted  
paths, and golden pine needles will slowly carpet the  
outdoor stage.

A chipmunk, suddenly grown brave, will chatter brazenly  
from a carefully swept porch; and honking geese will  
wheel down to rest for a moment on the cooling lake,  
and watch the sailboats swing idly at anchor.

Haunting is the creaking of a screen door, as it slowly  
turns by itself in a freshening breeze, and much too loud  
the clatter of our few plates in the echoing dining room.  
Sad is the owl's softened sunset cry, and the darkened  
buildings at night; lonely are the empty cabins, and  
we who must close them.



A lone dear.  
No longer too scared to inspect  
a cabin filled with sharp voices.  
And now will circle it;  
at a quiet, restful time.

Mindy Rosenberg

Brown is the Earth  
Or beginning of time  
The start of a life.  
The creature the mind.

Brown is the Mountains  
or hills as was then  
That were molded and  
shaped by the ocean  
and when

Creatures came looking  
for safety and home  
Offered them shelter  
of rocks and of loam.

To each of these  
Brown hills came new feet  
of roads slowly the soil  
Air and nature corrodes.

And now what is left  
of our Beautiful Brown  
Pollution and Violence  
Where no life is found.

S.A.M.

The sun shines on the water momentarily,  
making certain spots on the calm water  
spark and blink as though they were stars  
twinkling in the sky. All is quiet. The  
only noise is the movement of the wind among  
the trees. The world is absorbed in a silent peace.

Janet Traub



## Memory

In the beginning of time, when the tribes were many and scattered, the peoples of the earth did not know the difference between right and wrong. The Great Spirit saw this, and was displeased with the fighting and quarreling that went on between his peoples, so he created three men to teach the tribes to live peacefully. He called them Common Sense, Appreciation, and Understanding.

They descended together from the mountains in which the Great Spirit dwelled, and travelled to the nearest village. First Appreciation taught the people to love the animals, trees, flowers and mountains that they had, and not to destroy beauty. The people listened to Appreciation, and were thankful for his coming, but they forgot and began to strip the trees of their bark and kill the creatures in the forest as soon as he left them. He wept with sorrow. Common sense came to try his best. He taught them how to organize themselves in their community and told them of the idiocy of war. They heard him too but again the people forgot, and began to fight and kill. Common Sense was filled with sorrow. Understanding came forward to perform his mission and he taught them to love mankind. There was again no response to the words of wisdom.

The Great Spirit saw that his plan had failed. He realized that something was missing, so he created a woman, Memory, who reminded the people of what had been taught to them. Memory followed the three wise men around the world, keeping Appreciation, Common Sense and Understanding alive in the hearts of all she could reach.

Sara Nathan

## Rain

The rain - transparent in its falling  
Wetting the earth's crispness  
Quenching the golden grass  
transforming and giving them new life  
then leaving them damp till  
one by one they turn golden again.

Andy Goldenberg



## How Color Began

There was one man on the earth. The man had no feelings, and everything was black or white. One day woman appeared on earth. Man and woman were without feelings had no deep thoughts.

One day man and woman were walking in the woods. Woman bent down to pick a berry. She tasted it. A smile appeared on her face, for the berry was sweet. The berry turned alight pink because the woman was happy. Man heard a strange noise. He wanted to find out what it was, so he climbed up a tree. The climb was tiring so the Great Spirit turned the bark brown. When man got to the top he was relieved, so the Great Spirit turned the top of the tree green. The strange noise was a bird flying through the air. Man looked at the horizon. The sky and water met. The Great Spirit turned them both blue, for they united.

Beth Gilinsky

Peace  
and Love  
Don't happen

War  
And Blood  
and Fright  
of Bombs  
and Fright  
of anyone

Hate  
and Fear  
Do Happen

Sally Nirenberg

The sun has melted  
but the sky is stained  
raspberry gold;  
lingering forever.

Sue Scheinberg



I have fantasied of life  
Searching, searching, searching  
Of how life happens  
Just the thought of living  
What is a life?  
Sometimes I fantasy of before  
And after life  
Of Death  
When I fantasy of Death  
I know I just can't be there  
Unfeeling, unknowing, asleep,  
Will I live again?  
Or will I not become again?  
Just my bones remaining to  
Show I've lived before?  
Will I be born and die again  
With my soul living again  
Now I think...Have I lived already?  
Is this...my life, just a repeat?  
But it couldn't be.  
I haven't lived before!

Lisa Skeist

Fleeing days on downed wings,  
Blown by puffs from summer's cheeks.  
Gently envelopes me, unknowing,  
Within their false grasps of happiest day  
They sneak-steal unnoticed away with me  
But now the days are revealed  
The shiver in the growing cold  
Vibrations awakening lazy summer days.  
Summer's last attempt  
She bursts into an everlasting sunset  
....Too late.

Leslie Kagan

Grow with me the fields,  
the honey, the groves  
and sing your summer-laced laughter  
for now and worlds apart.

Roll with me the mist,  
the plains, the sky  
that soothe the hardened hills of earth  
and soften my harvest-young eyes.

Find with me the heavens,  
the storm, the season  
that feel the shape of wind,  
waiting for fruit before snow.

Share with me the life,  
the space, the moment  
that loves star and child  
together on this earth.

Joan Silverman



The early morning,  
Kissed with the golden rays of sunlight,  
Still as a tree trunk.

Ellen B. Gold

The moon, a silvery, shining  
gleam upon the lake's surface,  
Shining, almost staying forever.  
Then as I watch it,  
It slowly moves across,  
And is gone.

Terry Lehman

Deep, dark and silent.  
Hooting owls, scurrying wood mice.  
Peace lies here waiting for a  
new birth of mankind.

Laurie sigman

One leaf gently floating

d

o

w

n

Finally reaching its first goal  
the brook- one small branch  
of the lake- rippling free  
Moving - a freedom in itself  
moving other than being blown at the  
mercy of the wind  
while hanging on the end of a slim  
brown branch;  
Moving the leaf, moving, moving  
closer to the lake, with  
neverending motion.  
More motion, motion welcomed motion  
to this single leaf.

Andy Goldenberg

The sun rises and reflects off  
leaves of green yellow trees,  
seasons go on changing time  
reflects the other you in a  
mirror of unrealness, gay  
bright, look and sharing not  
fake, showing nature the real  
you.

Carol Feinstein

Each year we start again, each year we open more, man's  
beginning. It is like a creation--a beginning which only  
you can start; a reaching out.

We did not blend in with each other, for we did not  
understand. We fought and did not realize how we fitted  
together, or even that we did. We did not understand now  
other felt. We did not notice that we didn't change, but  
grew more, that we blossomed. Last year a bud, this  
year a blossom.

Here we have to work to find out, to discover . We can't  
just say, "give me the good". We cannot just tell an oyster  
to open up. We must work. If we work we receive the  
joy of opening of discovering, of accomplishing something  
Love to work.

Oysters won't open up if they feel anything around them.  
They will open up when they are comfortable in their  
surroundings; they open and are free. They open easily  
without prying. It might not open right away but if you  
leave it alone it will eventually open up itself. We  
must leave it alone, but also come toward it in a giving  
way.

Now after a past year we do blend in. We are each a  
different color, but we are all one. Like a tree we are  
each a leaf, but we all belong to the same tree.  
We can express ourselves, we are independent, and we  
understand.

Cabin 5



Crashing winds attack the sun baked boulders. They have no shelter from their enemy. Tall mighty mountains, carpeted by green velvet. Pale white trees crackle with the force of the wind. Not a breath of life left in them. Purple mountains at afar, reach for the mystic fairytale clouds. I'm on top of the world.

Tina White

Stillness in the world  
Then the wind coming softly  
A cool breeze blowing, blowing  
Getting harder and harder  
till it's roaring  
like a lion.

Pushing and pushing  
It feels strong and brave  
Like a lion howling  
Till finally it dies down.  
There's stillness in the world.

Ellen Scheinberg

The air is silent  
I stare at perfect reflections of dignified mountains  
A bullfrog shatters the stillness  
But only for a moment  
It is evening  
Silence is once more

Bonnie Berkowitz

The Boats Go By

I sit and watch  
The boats go by.  
The sailboats racing across the water,  
covered with beads of sunlight,  
The sails, rounded as they catch the wind.  
The light craft swings gently to one side--  
Then lower and lower still,  
And suddenly calm.  
Waiting, waiting.  
Then, like a flash,  
A burst of wind--  
The sails fill;  
The boat hurries past  
As though the wind was chasing it.

Karen Helfand

### Clouds

Clouds sweeping across the horizon  
Taking both mountains and people in its pace.  
Clouds converting the sky into dark piles of mountains  
Threatening to take over the world.  
Clouds threatening people to seek shelter  
As cowards would.  
Clouds in power of people  
And the world.

Rachel Greenfield

### Early Morning

I wake up at dusk and look about me. I see things that  
are there only when I wake, things that disappear  
when the sun comes up. I look over the lake and see  
the mist suspended in mid air, not moving. Slowly the  
sun pokes its head above the hills, scaring all of these  
things away.

J.O.

Dare I listen  
when wind-scarred spirits  
of enchanted trees  
that reach and moan  
into vacant sky  
hurl to each other  
their timeless secrets?

Sue Scheinberg

### My Small World

My small world of people and pets  
The small world of my frogs  
I think of them as a simple way of life  
Not the complicated skyscrapers and citys  
Not the soot or the air conditions  
But the barn swallow winging high  
The fields of tall grass up to my waist  
That is my small world.  
Will you come and join me?

LAURA HERMHO



### How Nature Began

Long, long ago there was nothing on the earth except a husband and a wife and their dog wonder. He was really a lion but the couple called him a dog. The couple did not live very long and neither did Wonder. Because there was no food to eat, and they starved to death. When they all got to heaven the wife said that she didn't want the other people to starve to death also. So she sent Wonder to bring life to this new world wherever he walks. This upcoming of growth the couple called Nature, and they called themselves Mother and Father Nature. You do not hear of father Nature any more. Because in the olden days they had only heard of Father nature and not Mother Nature. Now we only hear of Mother Nature and not Father Nature.

Dina Katz

I lie now in a place above  
I have no doubts or care of love  
Fright and fear I know not of  
I lie in a place of a wanderers love

Lisa Berger

Staring into a deep and unknown  
water,  
Not knowing what next,  
and then as if a  
change had come about,  
The staring vanishes  
and realization and  
rude awakenings return.

Kathy Neisloss

Wind.  
trees sway.  
a squirrel shivers.  
Winter is coming.

Tracy Frankel

## Opening Message

During my summers here at Trebor, so many things influenced my way of thinking and feeling. Since cabin 11, so many things were so subtly and purposely given to me without my even knowing it--the true and good values of life--the basic beliefs, ideas and feelings about oneself, and that you should base your life on what you value. By the time I reached cabin one, I found, with the caring help of others and myself, to live a happy, full and easier life; I should try to know who I am--why I am alive on earth and what I want to do with my life. Through these summers I have tried to absorb a lot of the goodness of camp, and now I have come to realize that I can't keep it in for the rest of my life. It isn't fair to others or me, and that it is time to give back to others here and even at home what I have taken in and absorbed here.

Ruthie Holtzman, Big Chief

## Camp Tally-Keepers Report--August 23, 1968 Ruthie Holtzman, Big Chief

The 3-day mountain trip went to Montalban Ridge this week. We saw pheasants on the trail. The weather was gray and windy, but beautiful. We left our packs at the Isolation Shelter for the follow-up. Part of cabin 9 climbed East and saw a deer.

Many people have been going to places in the camp area. Cabin 2 took a walk around the lake, cabin 6 took their lunch up Mac, cabin 9 went up Alan for lunch and came down the rock face and cabin 1 has ribboned out a path to the ledge on Whitehouse.

On Saturday night we had another coffee house; people read poems, did folk dances, sang, and Frank read us requested selections of Robert Frost's writings.

The counselors gave the camp a melodramatic interpretations of some of the aspects of camp. Many cabins have been working on the teepee. They painted scenes of what goes on in camp on it.

This Sunday was Arts Festival. Art work and pieces of creative writing were hung all around the camp. People danced, sang, and played instruments. In the evening mini-group gave a modern music mass simultaneously with the counselors, who gave a formal music mass. The whole day was a success in all aspects.

My intent this summer was to help the camp become aware of other people's activities. I hope that I have succeeded in fulfilling the role that cabin 1 felt was necessary.

Sara Nathan, Camp Tally Keeper



PEACE

Peace I ask of thee, oh river.

Peace.

When I learn to live serenely,

Cares will cease.

From the hills I gather courage,

Visions of the day to be;

Strength to lead and faith to follow,

All are given unto me.

Peace I ask of thee,

Peace.

TO WILD GEESE FLYING...

Proud riders of the wind,  
Wheeling free  
In strength and grace,  
Chasing clouds over mountains,  
You roam the heavens,  
Yet always return  
To your hills and mirror-lakes  
In humility.

You seek the far horizons  
Yet the seasons' cycle finds you  
Ever in this place of tranquility

No sunset can lure you,  
No foreign sky can draw you  
So long or strongly  
That you forget  
The land of your beginning.

And so,  
With the years' passing,  
As surely as faith itself,  
You shall return  
To your home in the hills.

CBK

Alters Under the Sky

God of the hills, grant us the strength  
to go back into the cities without faltering,  
strength to to our daily tasks without  
tiring and strength to help our neighbors  
who have no hills to remember.

God of the wilderness, with the pure  
winds from the northland blow away our  
pettiness; with the harsher winds of winter  
drive away our selfishness and hypocrisy;  
fill us with the breadth and the depth and  
the light of thy wilderness. May we live  
out the truths which thou hast taught us,  
in every thought and word and deed.

Amen.



## Feeling

I sail on and on.  
Nowhere to go, no map before me--  
I'm looking for a dream  
A dream which only I can fulfill.  
Feeling, understanding the salty breeze.  
There's no destination;  
I'm looking for my dream.

Laurie Sigman

On summer nights the moon hangs low,  
the sky is a blaze from the moon's shining  
lights.  
Colors, alive as day, linger slowly, linger,  
stay.  
The moon, the moon, stretching out summer,  
it stays by its lingering lights  
holding summer in its palm;  
Summer lingers then and finally,  
slowly, the moon backs away.

Ellen Gray

## Whispergrass

Barefoot,  
    i ran through the  
    whispergrass  
                    and knelt  
To gather in  
    its soul.

It breathed  
    its cool sweet  
Song of life  
    and sang of things  
i sometimes understand.

It bent a little  
    in the wind  
And hummed even louder  
    its hymn of sorrow,  
Of joy and sorrow  
To me  
    and to the world.

Barefoot,  
    i ran through the  
    whispergrass  
                    and knelt  
To gather in  
    its soul.

You who are born of the hills  
Hill-bred, lover of hills,  
This will you know above other men,  
In the hills you will find your peace again.

You who are nursed on the heights,  
Hill-bred, lover of skies,  
This will you know above other men,  
In the hills you will find your faith again.

You who are brave from the winds,  
Hill-bred, lover of winds  
This will you know above other men  
In the hills you will find Your God again.

Struthers Burt

Who knows a mountain?  
One who has gone  
To worship its beauty  
In the dawn;  
One who has slept  
On its breast at night;  
One who has measured  
His strength to its height;  
One who has followed  
Its longest trail,  
And laughed in the face  
Of its fiercest gale;  
One who has scaled its peaks,  
And has trod  
Its cloud-swept summits  
Alone with God.

Ethel Romig Fuller



I'd say it's high time we had a moment of spoken truth. Around the middle of the summer we had an evening activity called "'What makes this camp great?'" I'd like to try answering this question.

TRIPS: The trip program is the accumulation of experiences that many people have had in New England for the past 100 years, but only one director ever believed that any camp, especially a girl's camp, could live out such an adventurous program. His belief in what you do brought you to the point of doing, and his guidance and inspiration have caused adults to become excellent trip leaders- that make your trips safe and pleasur-  
able.

ACTIVITIES: The activities alone, as you well know, are nothing without a counselor to make them come alive for you, so that takes it right to  
COUNSELORS : Counselors are just like you and me, they can be many, many things. Do you ever wonder why people are different at different times? Like at home and at camp; have you noticed that you act differently with different people? In other words, some people not only allow us to be what we want to be, but there are a very few that have enough knowledge of people to demand our best- and then leave us with that good picture of ourselves, that can be brought back again and again, during our lives- whenever we really want it- being our best.

He has made this happen every year, most times without people knowing it; in pre-camp sessions- during the summer- and after camp, and we are all frustrated with each other, here and elsewhere, because of his high expectations and insistence that we come up with our best, as often as possible. That is why counselors act as they do, in this community, with you people. That is also how you learned, or are learning, to be this way with each other. I have seen enough camps, and organizations under other kinds of direction, to see quite clearly the difference. People are the same underneath it all, the leadership makes the difference.

BEAUTY OF TROUT LAKE: When we were crowded out of our other camp by airports, power boats, pollution of silence by insensitive people, and other things; a lesser man would have quit, packed up, and sold out, as many camp directors have done, and Trebor would have stopped- forever- at least 7 years ago!

He hung on, even when I was ready to give up, until he found Trout Lake, and with no money, just sheer guts, and a belief in people, he convinced a bank to help us, -and then, with his own brand of genius, took this abandoned land, and designed, and built, - with his hands and heart\* this very special valley. No man can lay claim to what is here, but he. The fact that after the construction was completed he said that I had the fortitude to live here alone that winter, helping to build it, showed again how little he cares for the praise most men seek so desperately, - and that is just why I say it is high time it were spoken of. When we were building this new camp, and I had a few hours each night to think clearly, I wrote something, that said, "I am convinced that Summer, and her children, will be blessed, Frank has seen to that"--now four years later I am more convinced than ever, that what you and I experience, that we call Trebor, --is the direct result of the fact that one man has had the courage, the wisdom, patience, dignity, humility, imagination, kindness, gentility, and bull dogged determination to make this unbelievable place, and its unbelievable people--a fact of life!

Make no mistake, and I solemnly swear all that I can remember, (which includes camping in one form or another, since I was 5 years old)- 37 years of living this out, has brought me to these conclusions:

Except for the subject of food-which of course is my good wife's doing-Trebor is Frank, and whether or not you can possibly grasp the bone truth of these words--

it is he, who makes this great



Ilyse Barkan  
Tupelo Rd.  
Tedesco Point  
Swampscott, Mass.

Jane Barnet  
Barkers Point Rd.  
Sands Point, L.I., N.Y. 11050

Randy Berger  
2630 Kingsbridge Terrace  
Bronx 63, N.Y.

Bonnie Berkowitz  
1330 Adams Rd.  
Hewlett Harbor, L.I., N.Y.

Judy Brier  
26 Old Tannery Rd.  
Providence, R.I.

Renee Brown  
35 Pierrepont St.  
Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Betsy Dennis  
1320 Commonwealth Ave.  
West Newton 65, Mass.

Carol and Sue Feinstein  
81 Neptune Ave.  
Woodmere, L.I.

Gaby and Bess Forrell  
175 Riverside Dr.  
New York 24, N.Y.

Tracy Frankel  
981 East Broadway  
Woodmere, L.I.

Meri Friedland  
6530 Allison Rd.  
Miami Beach, Florida

Yvonne Gellert  
271 Old colony Rd.  
Hartsdale, N.Y.

Sara Lee and Julie Gens  
56 Barnstable Rd.  
West Newton, Mass.

Nina and Kitty Gill  
300 Central Park West  
New York, N.Y.

Beth Gilinsky  
37 Oxford Rd.  
White Plains, N.Y.

Ellen and Sue Gold  
Old Mill Lane  
Stamford, Conn.

Andrea Goldenberg  
609 Forest Ave.  
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Debby Gordon  
107 West 82nd St.  
New York, N.Y.

Ellen Gray  
1034 Bay 25 St.  
Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691

Janet and Ellen Greenberg  
264 Ridge Rd.  
Watchung, N.J. 07060

Rachel and Ellen Greenfield  
3 River Rd.  
Riverdale, N.Y. 10471

Dede Herman  
2786 Pay Dr.  
Merrick, L.I.

Laura Herman  
135 Oak Crest Dr.  
Framingham, Mass.

Karen Helfland  
280 Reservoir Rd.  
Brookline Mass.

Ruthie Holtzman  
450 DeMott Ave.  
Rockville Centre, L.I.

Beth Horowitz  
178 Pascack Rd.  
Hillsdale, N.J.

Candy Leslie and Nicki Kagan  
370 Grand View Ave.  
Bangor, Me.

Dina Katz  
706 Fairway Ave.  
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Gladys Katz  
6 Glendale Rd.  
West Hartford, Conn.



Kim Klausner  
6 west 77th St.  
New York, N.Y.

Diane Klein  
109 Old Farm Rd.  
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Liz King  
368 Midwood Rd.  
Woodmere, L.I.

Wendy Koplow  
20 Lorna Rd.  
Newton Centre, Mass.

Liz Lannik  
200 S. Merrick Ave.  
Merrick, L.I.

Joan Lebow  
P.O. Box 236  
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Terry Lehman  
Old Roaring Brook Rd.  
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

Lisa Jo Leizman  
Woodvalley Dr.  
Baltimore, Md.

Betsy Levy  
597 Gibson Ave.  
Kingston, Pa.

Nancy and Wendy Lewin  
35 E 85th St.  
New York 28, N.Y.

Jenny Lewin  
165 Craigie St.  
Portland, Me.

Debbie and Melinda Lewis  
3508 Round Hollow Rd.  
Baltimore, Md. 21208

Susan Lieberman  
50 Rocking Horse Trail  
Port Chester, N.Y.

Elizabeth Mazlish  
17 Hemlock Lane  
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Sandy Miller  
10 The Birches  
Roslyn Estates, L.I.

Michele Minsky  
365 Silver Court  
Woodmere, L.I.

Anne Mirkine  
450 West End Ave.  
New York, N.Y.

Sara Nathan  
322 Central Park West  
New York City 25, N.Y.

Jean Nathan  
14 East 90th St.  
New York, N.Y.

Kathy Neisloss  
Hunter Lane  
Oyster Bay, L.I.

Patty Ness  
91 Central Park West  
New York, N.Y. 10023

Sally Hirenberg  
15 Hillside Rd.  
Larchmont, N.Y.

Laura Olin  
83 Fernwood Lane  
Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

Sue, Nancy and Judy Osher  
66 Chadwick St.  
Portland, Me.

Leslie Paduec  
Riverview Rd.  
Irvington Hudson, New York

Karen Pearlman  
16 Linford Rd.  
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

Jill Robbins  
40 Lafayette Rd.  
Newton Falls, Mass.

Bindy Rosenberg  
128 Toilsome Hill Rd.  
Bridgeport, Conn. 06604

Carrie Scheer  
19 Rectory Lane  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Susan and Ellen Scheinberg  
9 Oak Lane  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Maggie Schloss  
1017 Fern St.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Liz Shaw  
Faigo Lane  
Irvington, N.Y.

Laurie Sigman  
45 Shadetree Lane

Roslyn Heights, L.I.N.Y.

Lisa Skæist  
64 The Serpentine  
Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

Jill Silverman  
40 Shore Dr. North  
Miami, Florida

Lisa Spiegel  
10 Broadlawn Ave.  
Kingspoint, L.I., N.Y.

Patty Stern  
3 Hunter Dr.  
Port Chester, N.Y.

Sue Stern  
76 Deepwood Rd.  
Roslyn Heights, L.I., N.Y.

Ellen Sutter  
49 Ethelridge Rd.  
White Plains, N.Y.

Liz Topaz  
34 Mary Ellen Rd.  
Caban68, Mass.

Janet and Nancy Traub  
2760 ValleJo St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Kim Turner  
1000 Park Ave.  
New York City, N.Y.

Tina White  
21 Horseshoe Lane  
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Margorie Whoolf  
112 Booth Rd.  
Dedham, Mass.

Robin Zisser  
12 Carlton Rd.  
Great Neck, N.Y.

Sharon Heard  
24 South East Dr.  
New Haven, Conn.

Debby Rubin  
30 Bassett Rd.  
Brockton, Mass.

Audrey Teffer  
65 Howland Rd.  
West Newton, Mass.

Jodi Kleinman  
557 Central Ave.  
Cedarhurst, L.I., N.Y.

## A Moments Pause

The woods will be quiet when you leave; and, soon  
bright the foliage and tangy the air with the smell  
of early Autumn.

The first rain will wash your myriad footsteps from the  
beach; and then a cautious deer or hare will return once  
more to the silent shore to drink.

A few crisp brown leaves will settle in the deserted  
paths, and golden pine needles will slowly carpet the  
outdoor stage.

A chipmunk, suddenly grown brave, will chatter brazenly  
from a carefully swept porch; and honking geese will  
wheel down to rest for a moment on the cooling lake,  
and watch the sailboats swing idly at anchor.

Haunting is the creaking of a screen door, as it slowly  
turns by itself in a freshening breeze, and much too loud  
the clatter of our few plates in the echoing dining room.  
Sad is the owl's softened sunset cry, and the darkened  
buildings at night; lonely are the empty cabins, and  
we who must close them.



A lone dear.  
No longer too scared to inspect  
a cabin filled with sharp voices.  
And now will circle it;  
at a quiet, restful time.

Mindy Rosenberg

Brown is the Earth  
Or beginning of time  
The start of a life.  
The creature the mind.

Brown is the Mountains  
or hills as was then  
That were molded and  
shaped by the ocean  
and when

Creatures came looking  
for safety and home  
Offered them shelter  
of rocks and of loam.

To each of these  
Brown hills came new feet  
of roads slowly the soil  
Air and nature corrodes.

And now what is left  
of our Beautiful Brown  
Pollution and Violence  
Where no life is found.

S.A.M.

The sun shines on the water momentarily,  
making certain spots on the calm water  
spark and blink as though they were stars  
twinkling in the sky. All is quiet. The  
only noise is the movement of the wind among  
the trees. The world is absorbed in a silent peace.

Janet Traub

## Memory

In the beginning of time, when the tribes were many and scattered, the peoples of the earth did not know the difference between right and wrong. The Great Spirit saw this, and was displeased with the fighting and quarreling that went on between his peoples, so he created three men to teach the tribes to live peacefully. He called them Common Sense, Appreciation, and Understanding.

They descended together from the mountains in which the Great Spirit dwelled, and travelled to the nearest village. First Appreciation taught the people to love the animals, trees, flowers and mountains that they had, and not to destroy beauty. The people listened to Appreciation, and were thankful for his coming, but they forgot and began to strip the trees of their bark and kill the creatures in the forest as soon as he left them. He wept with sorrow. Common sense came to try his best. He taught them how to organize themselves in their community and told them of the idiocy of war. They heard him too but again the people forgot, and began to fight and kill. Common Sense was filled with sorrow. Understanding came forward to perform his mission and he taught them to love mankind. There was again no response to the words of wisdom.

The Great Spirit saw that his plan had failed. He realized that something was missing, so he created a woman, Memory, who reminded the people of what had been taught to them. Memory followed the three wise men around the world, keeping Appreciation, Common Sense and Understanding alive in the hearts of all she could reach.

Sara Nathan

## Rain

The rain - transparent in its falling  
Wetting the earth's crispness  
Quenching the golden grass  
transforming and giving them new life  
then leaving them damp till  
one by one they turn golden again.

Andy Goldenberg

## How Color Began

There was one man on the earth. The man had no feelings, and everything was black or white. One day woman appeared on earth. Man and woman were without feelings had no deep thoughts.

One day man and woman were walking in the woods. Woman bent down to pick a berry. She tasted it. A smile appeared on her face, for the berry was sweet. The berry turned alight pink because the woman was happy. Man heard a strange noise. He wanted to find out what it was, so he climbed up a tree. The climb was tiring so the Great Spirit turned the bark brown. When man got to the top he was relieved, so the Great Spirit turned the top of the tree green. The strange noise was a bird flying through the air. Man looked at the horizon. The sky and water met. The Great Spirit turned them both blue, for they united.

Beth Gilinsky

Peace  
and Love  
Don't happen

War  
And Blood  
and Fright  
of Bombs  
and Fright  
of anyone

Hate  
and Fear  
Do Happen

Sally Nirenberg

The sun has melted  
but the sky is stained  
raspberry gold;  
lingering forever.

Sue Scheinberg



I have fantasied of life  
Searching, searching, searching  
Of how life happens  
Just the thought of living  
What is a life?  
Sometimes I fantasy of before  
And after life  
Of Death  
When I fantasy of Death  
I know I just can't be there  
Unfeeling, unknowing, asleep,  
Will I live again?  
Or will I not become again?  
Just my bones remaining to  
Show I've lived before?  
Will I be born and die again  
With my soul living again  
Now I think...Have I lived already?  
Is this...my life, just a repeat?  
But it couldn't be.  
I haven't lived before!

Lisa Skeist

Fleeing days on downed wings,  
Blown by puffs from summer's cheeks.  
Gently envelopes me, unknowing,  
Within their false grasps of happiest day  
They sneak-steal unnoticed away with me  
But now the days are revealed  
The shiver in the growing cold  
Vibrations awakening lazy summer days.  
Summer's last attempt  
She bursts into an everlasting sunset  
....Too late.

Leslie Kagan

Grow with me the fields,  
the honey, the groves  
and sing your summer-laced laughter  
for now and worlds apart.

Roll with me the mist,  
the plains, the sky  
that soothe the hardened hills of earth  
and soften my harvest-young eyes.

Find with me the heavens,  
the storm, the season  
that feel the shape of wind,  
waiting for fruit before snow.

Share with me the life,  
the space, the moment  
that loves star and child  
together on this earth.

Joan Silverman

The early morning,  
Kissed with the golden rays of sunlight,  
Still as a tree trunk.

Ellen B. Gold

The moon, a silvery, shining  
gleam upon the lake's surface,  
Shining, almost staying forever.  
Then as I watch it,  
It slowly moves across,  
And is gone.

Terry Lehman

Deep, dark and silent.  
Hooting owls, scurrying wood mice.  
Peace lies here waiting for a  
new birth of mankind.

Laurie sigman

One leaf gently floating

d

o

w

n

Finally reaching its first goal  
the brook- one small branch  
of the lake- rippling free  
Moving - a freedom in itself  
moving other than being blown at the  
mercy of the wind  
while hanging on the end of a slim  
brown branch;  
Moving the leaf, moving, moving  
closer to the lake, with  
neverending motion.  
More motion, motion welcomed motion  
to this single leaf.

Andy Goldenberg

The sun rises and reflects off  
leaves of green yellow trees,  
seasons go on changing time  
reflects the other you in a  
mirror of unrealness, gay  
bright, look and sharing not  
fake, showing nature the real  
you.

Carol Feinstein

Each year we start again, each year we open more, man's  
beginning. It is like a creation--a beginning which only  
you can start; a reaching out.

We did not blend in with each other, for we did not  
understand. We fought and did not realize how we fitted  
together, or even that we did. We did not understand now  
other felt. We did not notice that we didn't change, but  
grew more, that we blossomed. Last year a bud, this  
year a blossom.

Here we have to work to find out, to discover . We can't  
just say, "give me the good". We cannot just tell an oyster  
to open up. We must work. If we work we receive the  
joy of opening of discovering, of accomplishing something  
Love to work.

Oysters won't open up if they feel anything around them.  
They will open up when they are comfortable in their  
surroundings; they open and are free. They open easily  
without prying. It might not open right away but if you  
leave it alone it will eventually open up itself. We  
must leave it alone, but also come toward it in a giving  
way.

Now after a past year we do blend in. We are each a  
different color, but we are all one. Like a tree we are  
each a leaf, but we all belong to the same tree.  
We can express ourselves, we are independent, and we  
understand.

Cabin 5



Crashing winds attack the sun baked boulders. They have no shelter from their enemy. Tall mighty mountains, carpeted by green velvet. Pale white trees crackle with the force of the wind. Not a breath of life left in them. Purple mountains at afar, reach for the mystic fairytale clouds. I'm on top of the world.

Tina White

Stillness in the world  
Then the wind coming softly  
A cool breeze blowing, blowing  
Getting harder and harder  
till it's roaring  
like a lion.

Pushing and pushing  
It feels strong and brave  
Like a lion howling  
Till finally it dies down.  
There's stillness in the world.

Ellen Scheinberg

The air is silent  
I stare at perfect reflections of dignified mountains  
A bullfrog shatters the stillness  
But only for a moment  
It is evening  
Silence is once more

Bonnie Berkowitz

The Boats Go By

I sit and watch  
The boats go by.  
The sailboats racing across the water,  
covered with beads of sunlight,  
The sails, rounded as they catch the wind.  
The light craft swings gently to one side--  
Then lower and lower still,  
And suddenly calm.  
Waiting, waiting.  
Then, like a flash,  
A burst of wind--  
The sails fill;  
The boat hurries past  
As though the wind was chasing it.

Karen Helfand

### Clouds

Clouds sweeping across the horizon  
Taking both mountains and people in its pace.  
Clouds converting the sky into dark piles of mountains  
Threatening to take over the world.  
Clouds threatening people to seek shelter  
As cowards would.  
Clouds in power of people  
And the world.

Rachel Greenfield

### Early Morning

I wake up at dusk and look about me. I see things that  
are there only when I wake, things that disappear  
when the sun comes up. I look over the lake and see  
the mist suspended in mid air, not moving. Slowly the  
sun pokes its head above the hills, scaring all of these  
things away.

J.O.

Dare I listen  
when wind-scarred spirits  
of enchanted trees  
that reach and moan  
into vacant sky  
hurl to each other  
their timeless secrets?

Sue Scheinberg

### My Small World

My small world of people and pets  
The small world of my frogs  
I think of them as a simple way of life  
Not the complicated skyscrapers and citys  
Not the soot or the air conditions  
But the barn swallow winging high  
The fields of tall grass up to my waist  
That is my small world.  
Will you come and join me?

LAURA HERMHO

### How Nature Began

Long, long ago there was nothing on the earth except a husband and a wife and their dog wonder. He was really a lion but the couple called him a dog. The couple did not live very long and neither did Wonder. Because there was no food to eat, and they starved to death. When they all got to heaven the wife said that she didn't want the other people to starve to death also. So she sent Wonder to bring life to this new world wherever he walks. This upcoming of growth the couple called Nature, and they called themselves Mother and Father Nature. You do not hear of father Nature any more. Because in the olden days they had only heard of Father nature and not Mother Nature. Now we only hear of Mother Nature and not Father Nature.

Dina Katz

I lie now in a place above  
I have no doubts or care of love  
Fright and fear I know not of  
I lie in a place of a wanderers love

Lisa Berger

Staring into a deep and unknown  
water,  
Not knowing what next,  
and then as if a  
change had come about,  
The staring vanishes  
and realization and  
rude awakenings return.

Kathy Neisloss

Wind.  
trees sway.  
a squirrel shivers.  
Winter is coming.

Tracy Frankel



## Opening Message

During my summers here at Trebor, so many things influenced my way of thinking and feeling. Since cabin 11, so many things were so subtly and purposely given to me without my even knowing it--the true and good values of life--the basic beliefs, ideas and feelings about oneself, and that you should base your life on what you value. By the time I reached cabin one, I found, with the caring help of others and myself, to live a happy, full and easier life; I should try to know who I am--why I am alive on earth and what I want to do with my life. Through these summers I have tried to absorb a lot of the goodness of camp, and now I have come to realize that I can't keep it in for the rest of my life. It isn't fair to others or me, and that it is time to give back to others here and even at home what I have taken in and absorbed here.

Ruthie Holtzman, Big Chief

## Camp Tally-Keepers Report--August 23, 1968 Ruthie Holtzman, Big Chief

The 3-day mountain trip went to Montalban Ridge this week. We saw pheasants on the trail. The weather was gray and windy, but beautiful. We left our packs at the Isolation Shelter for the follow-up. Part of cabin 9 climbed East and saw a deer.

Many people have been going to places in the camp area. Cabin 2 took a walk around the lake, cabin 6 took their lunch up Mac, cabin 9 went up Alan for lunch and came down the rock face and cabin 1 has ribboned out a path to the ledge on Whitehouse.

On Saturday night we had another coffee house; people read poems, did folk dances, sang, and Frank read us requested selections of Robert Frost's writings.

The counselors gave the camp a melodramatic interpretations of some of the aspects of camp. Many cabins have been working on the teepee. They painted scenes of what goes on in camp on it.

This Sunday was Arts Festival. Art work and pieces of creative writing were hung all around the camp. People danced, sang, and played instruments. In the evening mini-group gave a modern music mass simultaneously with the counselors, who gave a formal music mass. The whole day was a success in all aspects.

My intent this summer was to help the camp become aware of other people's activities. I hope that I have succeeded in fulfilling the role that cabin 1 felt was necessary.

Sara Nathan, Camp Tally Keeper

PEACE

Peace I ask of thee, oh river.

Peace.

When I learn to live serenely,

Cares will cease.

From the hills I gather courage,

Visions of the day to be;

Strength to lead and faith to follow,

All are given unto me.

Peace I ask of thee,

Peace.

TO WILD GEESE FLYING...

Proud riders of the wind,  
Wheeling free  
In strength and grace,  
Chasing clouds over mountains,  
You roam the heavens,  
Yet always return  
To your hills and mirror-lakes  
In humility.

You seek the far horizons  
Yet the seasons' cycle finds you  
Ever in this place of tranquility

No sunset can lure you,  
No foreign sky can draw you  
So long or strongly  
That you forget  
The land of your beginning.

And so,  
With the years' passing,  
As surely as faith itself,  
You shall return  
To your home in the hills.

CBK

Alters Under the Sky

God of the hills, grant us the strength  
to go back into the cities without faltering,  
strength to to our daily tasks without  
tiring and strength to help our neighbors  
who have no hills to remember.

God of the wilderness, with the pure  
winds from the northland blow away our  
pettiness; with the harsher winds of winter  
drive away our selfishness and hypocrisy;  
fill us with the breadth and the depth and  
the light of thy wilderness. May we live  
out the truths which thou hast taught us,  
in every thought and word and deed.

Amen.



## Feeling

I sail on and on.  
Nowhere to go, no map before me--  
I'm looking for a dream  
A dream which only I can fulfill.  
Feeling, understanding the salty breeze.  
There's no destination;  
I'm looking for my dream.

Laurie Sigman

On summer nights the moon hangs low,  
the sky is a blaze from the moon's shining  
lights.  
Colors, alive as day, linger slowly, linger,  
stay.  
The moon, the moon, stretching out summer,  
it stays by its lingering lights  
holding summer in its palm;  
Summer lingers then and finally,  
slowly, the moon backs away.

Ellen Gray

## Whispergrass

Barefoot,  
    i ran through the  
    whispergrass  
                    and knelt  
To gather in  
    its soul.

It breathed  
    its cool sweet  
Song of life  
    and sang of things  
i sometimes understand.

It bent a little  
    in the wind  
And hummed even louder  
    its hymn of sorrow,  
Of joy and sorrow  
To me  
    and to the world.

Barefoot,  
    i ran through the  
    whispergrass  
                    and knelt  
To gather in  
    its soul.

You who are born of the hills  
Hill-bred, lover of hills,  
This will you know above other men,  
In the hills you will find your peace again.

You who are nursed on the heights,  
Hill-bred, lover of skies,  
This will you know above other men,  
In the hills you will find your faith again.

You who are brave from the winds,  
Hill-bred, lover of winds  
This will you know above other men  
In the hills you will find Your God again.

Struthers Burt

Who knows a mountain?  
One who has gone  
To worship its beauty  
In the dawn;  
One who has slept  
On its breast at night;  
One who has measured  
His strength to its height;  
One who has followed  
Its longest trail,  
And laughed in the face  
Of its fiercest gale;  
One who has scaled its peaks,  
And has trod  
Its cloud-swept summits  
Alone with God.

Ethel Romig Fuller



I'd say it's high time we had a moment of spoken truth. Around the middle of the summer we had an evening activity called "'What makes this camp great?'" I'd like to try answering this question.

TRIPS: The trip program is the accumulation of experiences that many people have had in New England for the past 100 years, but only one director ever believed that any camp, especially a girl's camp, could live out such an adventurous program. His belief in what you do brought you to the point of doing, and his guidance and inspiration have caused adults to become excellent trip leaders- that make your trips safe and pleasur-  
able.

ACTIVITIES: The activities alone, as you well know, are nothing without a counselor to make them come alive for you, so that takes it right to  
COUNSELORS : Counselors are just like you and me, they can be many, many things. Do you ever wonder why people are different at different times? Like at home and at camp; have you noticed that you act differently with different people? In other words, some people not only allow us to be what we want to be, but there are a very few that have enough knowledge of people to demand our best- and then leave us with that good picture of ourselves, that can be brought back again and again, during our lives- whenever we really want it- being our best.

He has made this happen every year, most times without people knowing it; in pre-camp sessions- during the summer- and after camp, and we are all frustrated with each other, here and elsewhere, because of his high expectations and insistence that we come up with our best, as often as possible. That is why counselors act as they do, in this community, with you people. That is also how you learned, or are learning, to be this way with each other. I have seen enough camps, and organizations under other kinds of direction, to see quite clearly the difference. People are the same underneath it all, the leadership makes the difference.

BEAUTY OF TROUT LAKE: When we were crowded out of our other camp by airports, power boats, pollution of silence by insensitive people, and other things; a lesser man would have quit, packed up, and sold out, as many camp directors have done, and Trebor would have stopped- forever- at least 7 years ago!

He hung on, even when I was ready to give up, until he found Trout Lake, and with no money, just sheer guts, and a belief in people, he convinced a bank to help us, -and then, with his own brand of genius, took this abandoned land, and designed, and built, - with his hands and heart\* this very special valley. No man can lay claim to what is here, but he. The fact that after the construction was completed he said that I had the fortitude to live here alone that winter, helping to build it, showed again how little he cares for the praise most men seek so desperately, - and that is just why I say it is high time it were spoken of. When we were building this new camp, and I had a few hours each night to think clearly, I wrote something, that said, "I am convinced that Summer, and her children, will be blessed, Frank has seen to that"--now four years later I am more convinced than ever, that what you and I experience, that we call Trebor, --is the direct result of the fact that one man has had the courage, the wisdom, patience, dignity, humility, imagination, kindness, gentility, and bull dogged determination to make this unbelievable place, and its unbelievable people--a fact of life!

Make no mistake, and I solemnly all that I can remember, (which includes camping in one form or another, since I was 5 years old)- 37 years of living this out, has brought me to these conclusions:

Except for the subject of food-which of course is my good wife's doing-Trebor is Frank, and whether or not you can possibly grasp the bone truth of these words--

it is he, who makes this great



Ilyse Barkan  
Tupelo Rd.  
Tedesco Point  
Swampscott, Mass.

Jane Barnet  
Barkers Point Rd.  
Sands Point, L.I., N.Y. 11050

Randy Berger  
2630 Kingsbridge Terrace  
Bronx 63, N.Y.

Bonnie Berkowitz  
1330 Adams Rd.  
Hewlett Harbor, L.I., N.Y.

Judy Brier  
26 Old Tannery Rd.  
Providence, R.I.

Renee Brown  
35 Pierrepont St.  
Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Betsy Dennis  
1320 Commonwealth Ave.  
West Newton 65, Mass.

Carol and Sue Feinstein  
81 Neptune Ave.  
Woodmere, L.I.

Gaby and Bess Forrell  
175 Riverside Dr.  
New York 24, N.Y.

Tracy Frankel  
981 East Broadway  
Woodmere, L.I.

Meri Friedland  
6530 Allison Rd.  
Miami Beach, Florida

Yvonne Gellert  
271 Old colony Rd.  
Hartsdale, N.Y.

Sara Lee and Julie Gens  
56 Barnstable Rd.  
West Newton, Mass.

Nina and Kitty Gill  
300 Central Park West  
New York, N.Y.

Beth Gilinsky  
37 Oxford Rd.  
White Plains, N.Y.

Ellen and Sue Gold  
Old Mill Lane  
Stamford, Conn.

Andrea Goldenberg  
609 Forest Ave.  
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Debby Gordon  
107 West 82nd St.  
New York, N.Y.

Ellen Gray  
1034 Bay 25 St.  
Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691

Janet and Ellen Greenberg  
264 Ridge Rd.  
Watchung, N.J. 07060

Rachel and Ellen Greenfield  
3 River Rd.  
Riverdale, N.Y. 10471

Dede Herman  
2786 Pay Dr.  
Merrick, L.I.

Laura Herman  
135 Oak Crest Dr.  
Framingham, Mass.

Karen Helfland  
280 Reservoir Rd.  
Brookline Mass.

Ruthie Holtzman  
450 DeMott Ave.  
Rockville Centre, L.I.

Beth Horowitz  
178 Pascack Rd.  
Hillsdale, N.J.

Candy Leslie and Nicki Kagan  
370 Grand View Ave.  
Bangor, Me.

Dina Katz  
706 Fairway Ave.  
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Gladys Katz  
6 Glendale Rd.  
West Hartford, Conn.

Kim Klausner  
6 west 77th St.  
New York, N.Y.

Diane Klein  
109 Old Farm Rd.  
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Liz King  
368 Midwood Rd.  
Woodmere, L.I.

Wendy Koplow  
20 Lorna Rd.  
Newton Centre, Mass.

Liz Lannik  
200 S. Merrick Ave.  
Merrick, L.I.

Joan Lebow  
P.O. Box 236  
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Terry Lehman  
Old Roaring Brook Rd.  
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

Lisa Jo Leizman  
Woodvalley Dr.  
Baltimore, Md.

Betsy Levy  
597 Gibson Ave.  
Kingston, Pa.

Nancy and Wendy Lewin  
35 E 85th St.  
New York 28, N.Y.

Jenny Lewin  
165 Craigie St.  
Portland, Me.

Debbie and Melinda Lewis  
3508 Round Hollow Rd.  
Baltimore, Md. 21208

Susan Lieberman  
50 Rocking Horse Trail  
Port Chester, N.Y.

Elizabeth Mazlish  
17 Hemlock Lane  
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Sandy Miller  
10 The Birches  
Roslyn Estates, L.I.

Michele Minsky  
365 Silver Court  
Woodmere, L.I.

Anne Mirkine  
450 West End Ave.  
New York, N.Y.

Sara Nathan  
322 Central Park West  
New York City 25, N.Y.

Jean Nathan  
14 East 90th St.  
New York, N.Y.

Kathy Neisloss  
Hunter Lane  
Oyster Bay, L.I.

Patty Ness  
91 Central Park West  
New York, N.Y. 10023

Sally Hirenberg  
15 Hillside Rd.  
Larchmont, N.Y.

Laura Olin  
83 Fernwood Lane  
Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

Sue, Nancy and Judy Osher  
66 Chadwick St.  
Portland, Me.

Leslie Paduec  
Riverview Rd.  
Irvington Hudson, New York

Karen Pearlman  
16 Linford Rd.  
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

Jill Robbins  
40 Lafayette Rd.  
Newton Falls, Mass.

Bindy Rosenberg  
128 Toilsome Hill Rd.  
Bridgeport, Conn. 06604



Carrie Scheer  
19 Rectory Lane  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Susan and Ellen Scheinberg  
9 Oak Lane  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Maggie Schloss  
1017 Fern St.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Liz Shaw  
Faigo Lane  
Irvington, N.Y.

Laurie Sigman  
45 Shadetree Lane

Roslyn Heights, L.I.N.Y.

Lisa Skæist  
64 The Serpentine  
Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

Jill Silverman  
40 Shore Dr. North  
Miami, Florida

Lisa Spiegel  
10 Broadlawn Ave.  
Kingspoint, L.I., N.Y.

Patty Stern  
3 Hunter Dr.  
Port Chester, N.Y.

Sue Stern  
76 Deepwood Rd.  
Roslyn Heights, L.I., N.Y.

Ellen Sutter  
49 Ethelridge Rd.  
White Plains, N.Y.

Liz Topaz  
34 Mary Ellen Rd.  
Caban68, Mass.

Janet and Nancy Traub  
2760 ValleJo St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Kim Turner  
1000 Park Ave.  
New York City, N.Y.

Tina White  
21 Horseshoe Lane  
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Margorie Whoolf  
112 Booth Rd.  
Dedham, Mass.

Robin Zisser  
12 Carlton Rd.  
Great Neck, N.Y.

Sharon Heard  
24 South East Dr.  
New Haven, Conn.

Debby Rubin  
30 Bassett Rd.  
Brockton, Mass.

Audrey Teffer  
65 Howland Rd.  
West Newton, Mass.

Jodi Kleinman  
557 Central Ave.  
Cedarhurst, L.I., N.Y.